

***My mom does not pamper me<sup>1</sup>.***

***An anthropological approach to the suffering child.***



*By Miguel F. de Luis y Espinosa.*

### ***Foreword***

This little essay, if such a name deserves, is an adaptation to English of a Spanish term paper titled: “Mi mamá no me mima”. Adaptation and not translation because I have not tried to translate myself, rather, I have taken the opportunity to rethink ideas and to rephrase others in a way I hope would be more pleasant to the English speaker.

I am sorry that my biographical references are in Spanish, but that was the material I had available, hope you understand. However my points are loosely based on ideas drawn by Levinás and Buber, who are both widely available.

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<sup>1</sup> “Mi mamá me mima”, My mom pampers me, is one of the first sentences a Spanish child learns to read and write.

## *Preface*

The meaning of life has been the object of a myriad of books and is the base of any art worthy of that name. However anthropological studies often look at the human being through an aseptic perspective that attempts to include the whole human race. Such an approach is necessary but insufficient as it shows too few details. Hence it is also necessary to tend to the person in its circumstances: age, gender, abilities, social development, cultural background, education and religion to mention a few. I suspect the question of the meaning of life will be present in every person but with diverse subtleties. Philosophy must also specifically answer to those individual but deeply important problems of being.

This small paper focuses on the suffering childhood, or better, the children who have somehow found themselves cut from the umbilical cord of their souls: their parents; specially those under severe circumstances, daily facing contempt and hate. Let's also find for them the meaning of life, the meaning of **their** life.

First a bit of realism, the issue will be dealt with but can only be partially solved: the particular meaning of life for each one cannot be aseptically established in the realm of pure reason; better reserve it for the laboratory of the soul. What we can indeed do is to offer clues to discover the dignity of the small pariah.

## *Method.*

Standing on reality, aided by Philosophy, I will try to start an answer to the ultimate meaning of existence.

Philosophy is the only discipline able to deal with the problem of being, as it is not limited by the boundaries of sciences such as sociology – which treats the problem of being as a pseudo-problem – and psychology, which assumes there is a meaning of life.

It is now opportune to examine my own prejudgments. I have affinity with the object I am dealing with but, at the same time, I am separated from it. On this I am only a bit more objective than the general philosophical anthropologist, but even loaded with subjectivity my life experience is valuable; so acknowledging the limitations of my personal experience, it is also a source of data.

Let's face that I am a Christian and let me say it bravely and humbly. However I will try to give an anthropological answer, that could be later used to illuminate a posterior Christian analysis, but let's not confuse both matters.

Please note that this essay will soon take a more plain, personal, even warm style. That way was chosen not to be read by its ultimate addressee – utopia in utopias. Rather, if it is meant to be

useful to somebody the ideas must necessarily go from heart to heart and, over the mere intellect, harmonize with the deepest of the soul.

### *Setting the stage*

“Why do the rats scream?” Wise answer to: Why you can’t believe in a God of love?”

Why do the rats scream at night? What do the world tries so hard to keep me awake for, to scare me? I have been killed yet I am still walking! Do I deserve to live? Is life worth for me? What am I going to be? Does my mom hate me? My dad does hate me! Does my mom hate me?! Am I the bad guy? I am evil, but sometimes I am good. Sometimes I am good. Am I? Am I?! Why the one who is supposed to care for me hits me for no good reason? Why does any dumb who has not even looked at me insults me? Is it fun to?

Who am I? What must I do? Is life worth to live? What am I for the world? These questions have been now rephrased in tragic, even chilling terms. Should we dismiss them as mere subjectivity that can only contribute to dim the analysis? I answer that those are the terms that thousands of persons face every single day and if the anthropological answer has to have any meaning for the person it must not divorce itself from the real conditions of life lest it would die of books and conferences.

What is the meaning of life in a reformatory school? What about an orphanage with twenty children per worker? Is playing worth? Is life fun?

Let’s also note that there are many sources of pain. So an abandoned child can suffer enuresis, physical, psychical or emotional disabilities, various sickness or conditions, show an exacerbated aggressiveness or inability to control his impulse. He might be addict to some substance, if he attends school he will often be the last of his class, the one teachers would love to see away. Correction, a teacher not worthy of that name.

Let’s not conjure monsters out of shadows, it is uncommon to see every problem at the same person. However it is necessary to consider them as they are often between the causes, the consequences – or both – of the separation, but because it affects their self-esteem and the esteem society, peers and their remaining family has of them

Let’s look at them straightly, the street children, the reformatory children and even those more humanely cared for are not angels, but neither – as it often done where the problem is more

prevalent – make demons out them with names such as Aurolaci, Huelepega<sup>2</sup>, Sicarios<sup>3</sup> or even problematic or aggressive. A girl who is unable to control her impulses is not, because of that, an unethical child but one who simply has a small range of possible answers or who could take any difficulty in the interpersonal relations as a threat. The same kid unable to stop punching at the least provocation could throw himself to rescue a complete stranger from the rails of the underground. There is vice in drug, but it is also true that aurolac kills hunger and cold. What would not I do? Who is this fat boy to judge?

I have often mentioned the toughest situations; it is true, but those are circumstances that affect myriads of children and young persons. Besides, if we are able to give a beginning of answer to their problem of life, it will be also possible to find an answer to less severe problems.

## **Religion**

It would be valuable to have a phenomenological analysis of the religion of the oppressed, in a way the spirituality of the street children, but that would take years of experience and serious research which I have not been able to find<sup>4</sup>. However any assessment of the person will be an orphan of truth, at least partially, if God is excluded from the world. This paper<sup>5</sup> is not a Gospel study, but at the same time the reality of the Religious Phenomenon can be dismissed precisely where God is called with more insistence.

Therefore, I would also acknowledge this fundamental aspect of the human person, begging the reader to understand that I am Christian and of that belief I will not abdicate. However, even then, most of my analysis could probably be used in other religious settings.

## **Denied self-actualization.**

Maslow's position on Self-Actualization, which considers material and affective support the first necessary basis of the development of the personality, is well known. This point of view gives a perspective if not to define at least to precisely determine the subject: suffering childhood would be that who had suffered grave unfulfilled material and / or affective need for an extended period. Note that the gravity and the duration of time cannot be theoretically determined but only according to the biography and characteristics of each individual.

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<sup>2</sup> "Sniffsglue"

<sup>3</sup> In Colombia, South America it refers to children who work for the local drug mafia, often as murderers.

<sup>4</sup> If you know of any, please contact me.

<sup>5</sup> Even though it would be most interesting to do so.

## **Drafting an answer**

I spent hours by your bed, while you were sleeping, saw you warring in constant nightmare against one thousand demons. I would have given an eye only for ride your dreams, enter and slaughter those beasts with anger, but I would have done wrong: take this our holy sword and gut them yourself; only in this way you will be free.

As I have already mentioned I will not be giving an universal answer, but universal clues that could help to build a personal answer which I consider the only valid one.

Here we find the first item that requires proof: the necessity of a personal answer to an universal problem could seem an oxymoron if we faced the problem divorced from reality.

It is certain, we know through science, religion and philosophy (as much as a consensus is possible in this discipline) that each human being is an individual, even living in society, under constant change. An universal answer should be able to cater every ‘problem of each one’ in two ways. It must allow ME, the watcher, know the dignity of the suffering YOU, but it must also – and this is decisive – allow the suffering kid – from now on Pui – to know his own dignity. What’s worth the love of Mother Teresa for the dying old woman in India if she despises herself? So then, we must find the elements of dignity and of the meaning of life and transmit them, making life out of philosophy and faith of mere religion. This is the way of the good, starting by Jesus. So, for the “Pui”s and with “Pui”s, with their invitation, we will be able to help them to discover, behind a deceptive mask of dirt, their true soul.

## **Enemy at the gates.**

Hi Pui, I am happy to address you, even though I know you must fear me. I know that, for a long time, almost constantly, you have received indifference, despise and hate. I do not want to hurt you by remembering it but many of those you know have abused and continue to abuse you.

Hunger, fear, shame, rage, indignation, what have you missed? You might have been raped. Have they helped you to stain yourself with silver? Have your rights been negated and even called you beggar? Have they invited you to steal and then chain you? Have they forgotten you and called you retard, handicapped, sick and evil?

I, Pui, who want to be your friend, cannot explain now where the evil that you suffer comes from, as I would need more space than this essay allows to explain it adequately.

If we had to speak about the social and economic problems that sustain the situations of poverty, that attacks Justice and mean a total disdain of the search of the common good, we would have to say that those social and economic problems are uncountable and that, behind them, exist very grave social and ethical problems<sup>i</sup>.

I can indeed say you that you are not the bearer of the greatest guilt, nor the criminal we should lock up. What is wrong in you, what people see as bad in you, it is not because you are worse than the world but because the world has been staining you and you have almost believed that evil is yours.

I do not want to treat you as a victim either, even though you are one. Pui, you are an injured Prince who has lost a battle, but you still have knights that would fight for you, if you only order them. We are waiting and we hunger for victory.

### **Behind the walls**

Form afar I come to you, to know you, to learn your wisdom because I want to be joyful. You are my happiness and to suffer winter is worth for you.

Let's start again from evidences: there are persons who will try to rescue you Pui, and often without a articulate reason; rather by a push of the soul. They could find no words to express why they do it, as you are often unable to say why you do the good things you do. Believe me, you do some of these, but we will speak about that later. The chief thing is that there are people who love you without knowing your name. They love you, of course with their mistakes, limits, doubts, vanities; God only is perfect, but they love you. Somebody will show that love sending hard earned money, some other cooking, another cleaning, speaking for you before the powerful, searching information, researching so others can directly help you Pui; I know some by their names and even though we don't agree in everything, I like to be called their friend.

Why do they love you? Why don't they know why? They do know why, but often they cannot tell you because till very recently philosophy would tell us incomplete truths about the human beings. So, trusting Jesus, God or some fuzzy expressions of God, even in simple emotions, they could have told you that to serve you was to serve goodness, but I am not sure that you can understand what they wanted to transmit.

Long ago it was said that we were just thinking beings. You are seen, from that group of philosophies as, ultimately, a thing built by my intellect of what I suppose you are something similar to myself. I might get something good out of you, as I might get something good out of a stone, but

truth would have come from myself. I am truth and you are an object.

Great sages as Descartes found part of the truth: that we are individuals. Another like Karl Marx rather thought that humans could only be happy by serving society. Both were right, partially so. Look, we are persons who are of value by ourselves but, at the same time, we want other beings<sup>6</sup> - even while we could sometimes be afraid of them – because they haven another way to live.

I com to you, Pui, because I want to be happy and I know, as it is self-evident, that there is a treasure in your face which shows the deep of your soul. That treasure is another life to be and, beyond, a gate to God.

Poetry? Nice fuzzy words? Poetry, generous term for my words, can also be used to express truth as hermeneutics now have shown. Let's make an experiment. Look to anybody in the eyes, do you doubt that person has not something unique? He or she might not love you or be afraid of you but if she or he would want to, you know, in the deep of your heart that he or she can make you think what you alone would never think.

I know that you have another life to be and, furthermore, that the path to my happiness pass through what you have to show me, Pui. It doesn't matter if you can't write, it could not care less if you are unable to learn to write; I know that what you can teach be goes beyond my world. There is something good in you, I would need to know you well, personally, to tell you what it is. Better, you would have to show me who you are and then I would discover it, but Pui, I have already know others and I can tell you what I found especially good in them. Well, I can only tell you in part, as words are only partially able to describe souls. Nevertheless words is what we have and words is what I will use, so help me God.

I remember Little Sparrow, a small, weak one, not handsome if I am truthful and with just enough intelligence to be at school, but we sit by me or on my lap and that was enough, with that we both were happy - stupidly so -that is the best happiness this side of the galaxy. You know, then he was showing that it was in him where I should look for God and not in books, but I learned that much later.

Firefly I also remember. I taught her to swim and she who was poetry, trusting me in the sea, showed me to trust in God. Yes, words fail.

Then an eaglet of sad eyes, a child whose wings were cut every day till make him believe he was a scorpion. He was called dumb in his house and he was unfairly blamed for a terrible accident, and so strongly he believed himself evil that he was in pain if I praised him. Yet I have fair reasons to praise him, make no mistake, I don't often lie. He taught me that those who hate themselves have a treasure too; my road to God passes also through him.

I could go on, and on and on, but allow me not to bore you with unnecessary details. Just

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6 Humans or not.



look at what Medardo Sánchez Tejero writes about children with down syndrome<sup>ii</sup>:

Their resources are well known. The brief element of their ugliness is adorned with beautiful distinctivenesses which goes with them, as much as color goes with the rose, or taste with the fruit. I refer to other qualities, exclusive of them, as simplicity, tenderness, innocence, their patience, their evident helplessness, their constancy.

All these attributes , natural for them, are hard for us to conquer, that is why they desirable attributes and the scarcer in us, the more estimable [...]

Behind their blunt or unpleasant aspect lies a noble, delicate, sweet and sensible soul, soon for affection, open to friendship, soft in the speech, thankful to recognition.

About many more I could tell you, but surely you know others who people despise yet they are hidden treasures, those are the most important beings for you, because in them, in each one also, lies your road to happiness, to God.

So affirms Buber<sup>iii</sup>:

Every person who has born represent something new, something that has never existed before, something original and unique. It is the duty of every being [...] to acknowledge that he is unique in the word, in his peculiar character , and that there has never being someone like him [...]

The wise Rabbi Bunam [...] said “I would not like to be in the place of our father Abraham. Who could benefit if Abraham became Bunam, the blind and Bunam the blind would turn into Abraham. Instead, I think I am going to try to be myself a bit more”.

Let me tell you that it would be of no benefit to anybody that you were to became another, the world **does need you**, I do need you and if you are sad, my heart will never smile completely. As they say in Catalonia, the more we are, the more we laugh :).

Do you know about Theology? A science that helps us to know God. This science, sometimes prideful, fed with Plato, Saint Augustine, Saint Tomas Aquinas, Descartes and Küng, does also need you. Even more, it cannot know God if it cannot know him also from where you are, and furthermore it can only know God with you.

“The poor are not only the social location, but over all the epistemic location from



where with more objectivity, we can understand God, the projects of God, the will of God.

[...] According to Jesus, from the situation of these people is from when God and the things of God can be understood... It is, then, from the marginality of the present order, from where, with more objectivity, we can understand God. And that means that from the marginality is from where **we can understand His Gospel<sup>iv</sup>**”

Not only that, we must discover our often hidden abilities, yours and mine, to possess them, knowing how to look like the Father does; trusting ourselves, cooperate to go beyond our limits and, finally, to fly away together.

Bit by bit, as the theological look is projected on the life and action of the poor, we appreciate the huge evangelizing potential that they possess by the will of God. The famous expression, which has become a topic, starts to be alive reality: “the poor evangelize us”.

[...]

It is clear, that this way of placing ourselves, trying to live closer to the poor, changes gradually our idea about the God of Jesus; God experience renews in a surprising way. The God of the boundless tenderness, of the surprising confidence, the God who cares with us, and of too many to mention dimensions, appears..<sup>v</sup>

## **The flag, tattered, still flies.**

There is something good in you, Pui, that I look for it; something excellent there must be as many wise people search. I know that it will not be enough for you; you could tell me that what is evil in you outweighs the good, or that you cannot see anything good in you, or even that the existence of something good in you does not mean that life is worth to live. Ok, you are right, it is not enough, but necessary.

Let's now reflect on hope. I don't know if you might be afraid of the word. You might anticipate such a dreadful future that you prefer to think just about today. Ok, but we also know something true, that persons were made to be free and you are included in that lot. Being, as it is evident<sup>7</sup>, free we can change; with help, we all always need it – let not be fooled in this – we can always improve.

Hope, my little one, you will have build it yourself, but I do not think that you can build it by yourself, you need someone to come to help you; but we are supposing that here. May God wish that you still have hope in something, even if it is just a moribund spark in the deep of your heart. Despair would be worse, that you might see anything before you like bad without a chance for improvement. The worst would be that, fed up with fear, neither hope nor despair, but even so, if you are fed with courage, if you choose to risk to face fear you could look at the future again with a smile. We always have to walk in hope, but sometimes against all hope<sup>vi</sup>... faith will appear to meet you. I know you can because I have seen your eyes.

Let's return to what is good, special, in you. Also to what is wrong. Look, I also do wrong. I wish what I should not wish, I say hurtful words to protect my own vanity, I do things I know they are wrong and I am not starving. Nobody is perfect here, no one free of sin, but there is nobody that could not be a saint. Yes, Pui, the saint, don't laugh of shame, is possible. It has already existed and it will exist again, even in yourself. Some people might believe themselves to be better than you, and in the worst case you might even believe that. I, however, know myself and know that in your case I could have done like you – or worse – only thinking in being like you are now, makes me afraid. So? Are we both, that I have also done wrong thing, to get what's wrong, put it into a bag, close it and throw it into the sea? No, we are going to get that what is wrong, turn it into smithereens, mix it with a new cement and build the good. It is not about forgetting; what you have lived, what you would step on, will serve you and will serve others; even more if you dig deep, you will see that even in most of the wrong things you made goodness was not completely absent.

Do you remember a fight? You might have got too hard with your fists, but you might be protecting someone. You might be laughing at somebody just moments before giving away

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<sup>7</sup> Unless you are a hard core positivist, in which case the whole meaning of life question should be a pseudo-problem for you.

something for nothing... even if a bit of aurolac. If you have stolen ¿have you never shared what you got?

The chief thing: of all that you can learn, you can tell, give to me things I can only know through your teaching.

**There is something good for you in you.**

Dear Pui, remember that you are useless. Knives are good for eating, computer are useful for writing, and the chair for seating, but you are an end for yourself, not only because you are made in God's image, but because as a person – even from the biologicist perspective – you are a unique being that nobody could replace.

So, an egoist fool I would be were I only to mention the treasure that you can offer to me and the world. You also have a treasure for you, in yourself. A treasure that you cannot discover on your own. As I need you to discover mine, you need of another, maybe of me, to uncover yours. When you do it, when you start cleaning it of dirt, then you will be happy.

This treasure, is for me an epiphany, a particular and unique manifestation of God, which requires of the incarnate God, of God himself for its perfect discovering. Somebody might disagree on this point, but there is not a single person I have known deeply who lacked – even if very dirt – a very tob<sup>8</sup> treasure.

**Aragorn<sup>9</sup>, retake your crown.**

Pui, I want you to picture yourself in a forest, lying on the ground, covered by dry hurts, the chain mail broken, covered by dead leaves. It is easy for you, isn't it? Well, there is something you still do not know, you are prince, the knights of the Kingdom have come for you, and they will be filled with joy when you stand up, they will take you to a secret castle, they will allow you to heal until you will come back again to battle, this time to win.

The only 'but' of this story is that you are the one who must stand up. You will discover what is good for you, people might help you, but in the end, you will have to discover it yourself. When you do, you will be able to show it to the world and then, only then, we will be happier.

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8 Tob: “beautiful and good” The word used in Genesis (in Hebrew) to describe how God found His creation.

9 Aragorn, kingdom of Gondor in the “*Lord of the rings*” trilogy.

## Beyond the bunker.

Fifty years ago there was a terrible war in Kampfreich<sup>10</sup>. Thousands of trenches, tunnels and bunkers were built. Soon life became so dire outside that people got used to live under ground. They were not happy there, but at least they survived the bombs. Two months ago when builders were starting the foundations of a new theater they one of the ancient refuges; the remains of two families that starved to death months after the war was over because they dared not to come out.

When we face a great evil and we escape to a refuge we are tempted not to ever abandon it, even if it is also something bad.

Recently Bishop Agostino Marcetto declared that: “Street Children arrive to the arms of this “mother-step mother”, the street, with the at least momentaneous illusion of having found an island of salvation that it does not exist.<sup>vii</sup> [...]” and he is right indeed. Many people ignore that you arrive to the street not so much because – directly - you are be pushed into it, but that one often goes to it as a last haven, odd as it can seem from ignorance. Something similar could said about drugs, there are very cheap ones, aren't there? Better said, cheaper than wholesome food.

There are also other refuges, mind bunkers. Not to cry, not to laugh, reject a hug, cut oneself in the arms, go to sleep to the darkest corner in the word, even if danger does not justify it... and so many other things you know better than me, Pui.

I must acknowledge that there are very strong relations between those who suffer and I wonder if we should also save groups and not just individuals.

There, in the street, they found the affection and protection of those who one day – before them – ran out of tears after discovering that they did no longer mean anything to anybody. In those circumstances, the links between those who leave on the rough are reinforced so much, establishing such strong relationships between them, though often completely abusive one, that makes their rehabilitation effective in just 10% of the cases.<sup>viii</sup>

You do well by going to a bunker, sometimes we can do nothing but escape, but look where you are now. Is this a way to life? Should you not take a risk to get something better? The easy answer is yes, but I know that you probably cannot give me such an answer. You know, because you are not stupid, that there are better places to live and you can imagine that if I wanted, I could take you there, yet I have no right to your trust. True, I could be here for many reasons, fooling you to abuse you... as so many other... use you as a merit before God, make me famous, give prestige to my church, earn a good money at an international organization or you know what. First I must earn your trust, and to that end I must show me before you, know you deeply and keep the humbleness of the

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<sup>10</sup> Kampfreich: “Land of battles”, just a symbol.

servant, to open my face, to make you know that I also make mistakes. You deserve somebody better than me, wiser, stronger, better Christian, but this is what we have, that is why I need your help to help you.

### **Pune-ta o blusa noua, da?**

Get a new shirt on, will you? Or so I tried to say in my limited Romanian :-). I confess I am in love with that final romanian da, when it is told tenderly to a child. There is something in that language that makes it like if it had been done to counsel, love and care. So it is doubly terrible the situation that I started to know in 1991.

I remember a child who wet the bet, every holy night and was very ashamed of it, and that boy was me. I also remember another who face that same circumstance and who was trusted to me in a golden time of my life. He did not always enjoyed the charming life and the best cuisine and partly (at least, don't get me started) because of that he had some delay in the development of his body and mind, but he was a little angel in pajamas. Every morning I asked him if he had wet the bed (pipi, by the way is the very same word we use in Spain) and every time he answered me no even though he knew very well, he was not stupid in the least, that I could see the unmistakable spot on his pajama and then looked at my feet, ashamed, waiting for a punishment.

That's why I told him to get a new shirt (and pants) on, and when he replied me “Da, Miguel”, that was poetry.

Pain, shame and guilt are good only for one thing: to know that we have done something wrong or that there is something that is hurting us. After that they serve for no purpose to anybody. Sadness is worthless.

Of course “Get a new shirt” is not enough. We have to look for practical ways to help in every specific challenge. We have to give an tailored medication, for each person, with that person, but that is not the object of this paper. What I now want to transmit you is that the chief thing is to get a new shirt on, dare to to be happy; not a lot, just a little bit. Then we will start to walk...

### **Pui, do something good now.**

Pui, the first step is that you do something good. It has not to be a great thing, but you must do it aware that, at least in its intent is good, and strive as much as you can.

Martín de Porres, famous for being the first black catholic saint in America and by his simple broom. He did 'big works', hospitals, animal shelters, institutions for the care of the poor... yet he is better known by two 'little things': His smile for anybody who asked his help, and his

broom. I do not know if we Spaniards remember his broom better because that is how we looked at black people, but it is true that this big man enjoyed sweeping... for everybody and, with those very simple tasks, I think a great Christian was born: a smile and a broom.

Do something good, do it now, and do it knowing that what you are doing is good, look at it, do not despise it for being yours. Rather everything we do for good comes from God.

**Now, you.**

Then, after a time, falling many times and rising up again, you will really you, bit by bit, under all those masks that almost impede me to see you – even you have trouble to know who you are – you will appear shining before the world, and your light, finally shining, will illumine it.

- i Ramón ECHARREN Ysturiz, Bishop of Canarias, “Justicia Social y Bien Común”, Revista Almogarén, Revista del Centro Teológico de Las Palmas N 25 Las Palmas(1999)
- ii Medardo SÁNCHEZ Tejero. “Los niños humillados. Editorial CSS Colección Shalom
- iii Martín Buber. Vivencia Humana, Experiencia Religiosa y Jasidismo; aparecida en “El Humanismo Hebreo y Nuestro Tiempo” Ediciones Portañas - AMIA
- iv José María CASTILLO. “Los Pobres y la teología” en Almogarén, Revista del Centro Teológico de Las Palmas, 19 Pág. 69 - 70
- v Felipe BERMUDEZ Suárez “Hacer Teología para los pobres, desde los pobres, con los pobres”, en Almogarén, Revista del Centro Teológico de Las Palmas, 21(1997) Pág. 115-134
- vi “Mensaje Espiritual” Juan XXIII BAC Número 336 Pág. 94
- vii Monseñor AGOSTINO Marcetto, Citado en Arciprensa.com “Santa sede enfrenta desafíos pastorales y sociales de niños de la calle” (sic) Noticias 26-OCT-04
- viii José LORENZO, *El Hotel de las mil estrellas*, Vida Nueva Núm 2451, 11 de diciembre de 2004 pág. 46